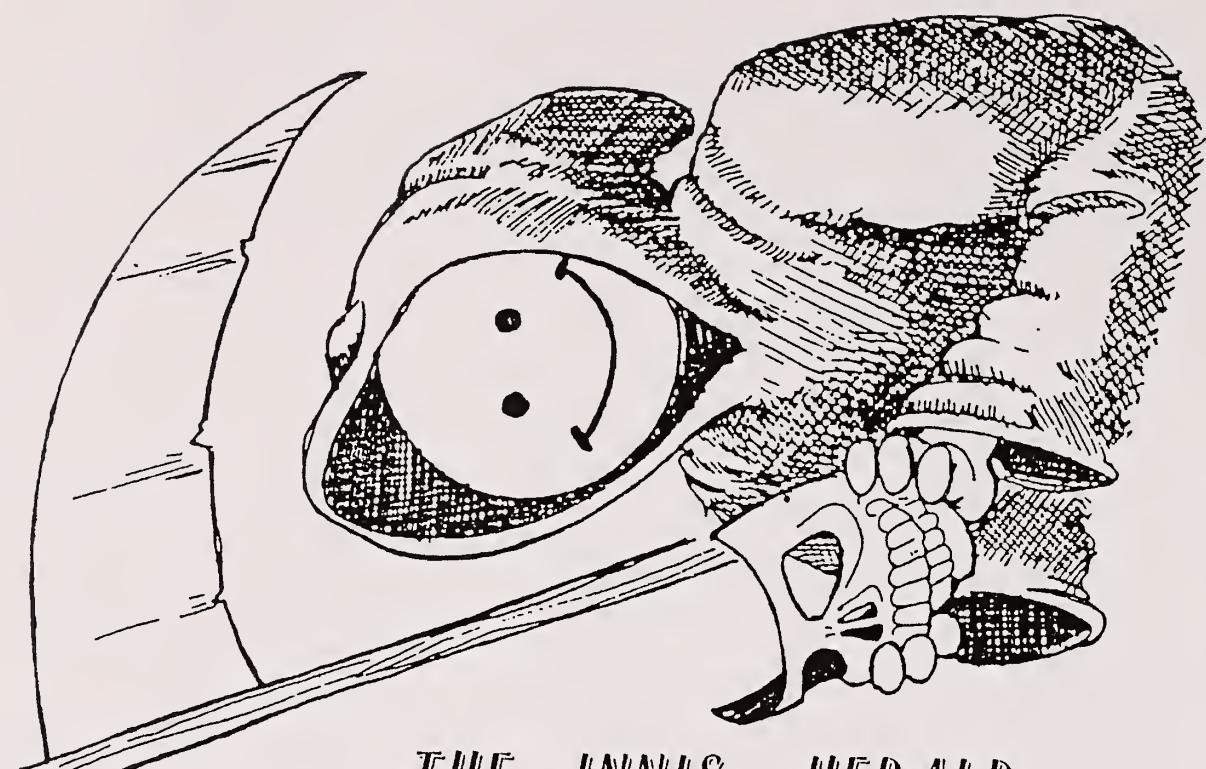
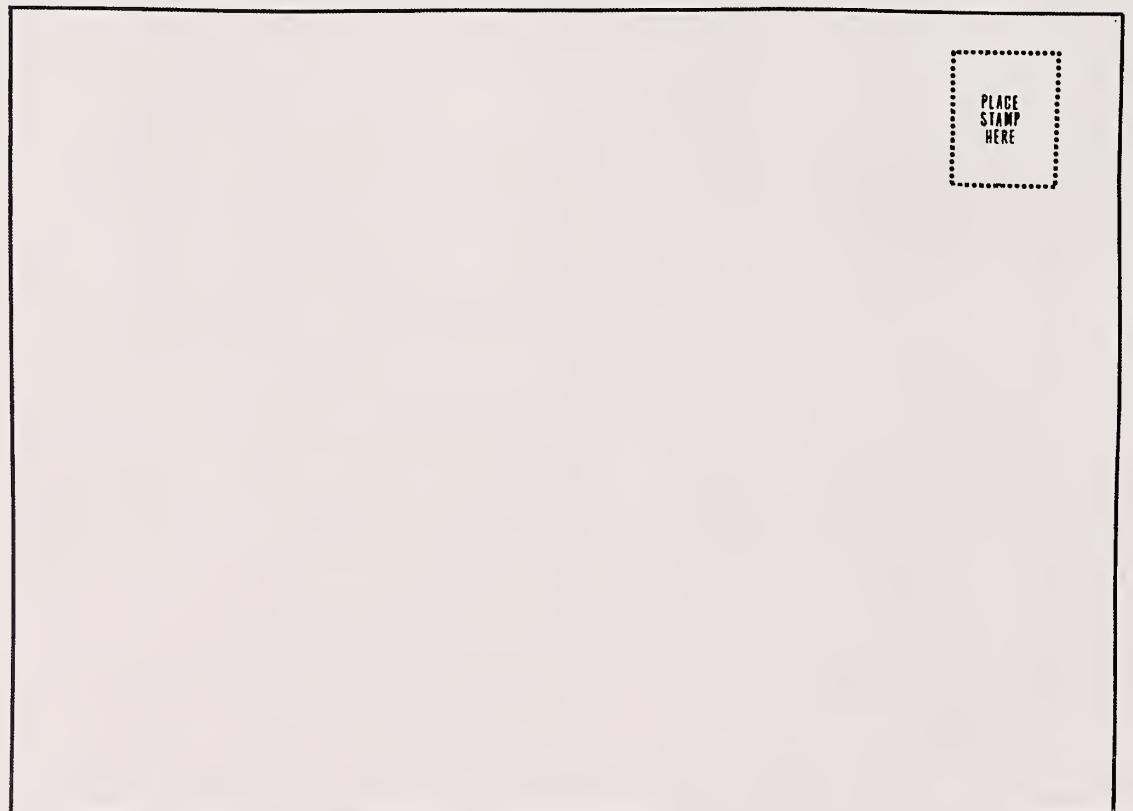
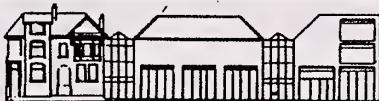


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'89-'90
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Issue 3



THE INNIS HERALD





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THE INNIS HERALD

The big masthead quote



Blitz

Well, there's been a new rockzine out called Revolution. I've been too broke to buy a copy but I leafed thru it until the cashier yelled at me and it looked kinda cool - not great, but cool. The thing that really got me, though, was the zine's name, "Revolution", a popular rock'n'roll word, right up there with 'rebelion' and "Sex-and-drugs and...". It's an easy term to laugh at when applied to most bands, since most bands and most listeners are so far removed from the cutting edge of anything that the word is just a catchphrase. But, cynics to the contrary, there have been and still are genuinely revolutionary bands and ideas in rock. They're not traditional revolutionaries; for the most part they are apolitical because music transcends politics. They're about altering your outlook, not your government. Bands like (to name just a few) the Replacements, the Grateful Dead, the Sex pistols, the MC5 and 7 Seconds don't put forward political platforms (the closest they get is the MC5's "Rock'n'roll alone and fucking in the streets" which is, my admiration for the 5 notwithstanding, really stupid); they put forward spiritual ones. Whereas the politicos want to turn your focus towards their goals, the best rock bands see the transformation of the self as the greatest good, and the goals which the new self pursues as secondary, because the undeveloped self's choices are less valid than those of the developed self. Or, to use an analogy, someone who has been allowed to mature is going to be a more valuable member of whatever cause he/she supports than someone who has been fed propaganda but never achieved self-realization. You must be free to give freedom to others.



Of course, rock bands are not the sole proponents of this. Artists of all genres have realized this and expressed it, including Whitman, Nietzsche and Robert Anton Wilson. We must be humans first and gameplayers second: Reversing the priorities leads to atrocities like the regimes of Hitler or Stalin, and more generally to racism and sexism and all other forms of discrimination. We are not men or women, whites or blacks, communists or fascists; we are all humans. To use the Bible's words we should hate the sin and love the sinner (though never forgetting that words such as "sin" are always our own subjective interpretations).

Ideas such as this, glorifying the self above the masses, are in dramatic opposition to the views of mainstream society, naturally. Governments, and the majority of society which they claim to represent, have almost always been afraid of and hostile to individuals asserting their rights (one of the few exceptions being the United States in its first few decades). That is why good rock'n'roll tends to have an anarchist tinge to it. But even this tinge is as imperialistic as it can get. Rather than saying "smash the state and free the people", the rockers say "govern those who want to be governed, but leave us alone!"

Yes, this is an egotistic statement. But in the end we are all individuals, and this is the glory of being human, a glory shared by no other living creatures. Call it sentience, or self consciousness, or just say "I AM!", its joy remains. This is what the best rock-the best of all art-celebrates: being alive and being aware. And in a world suffused with tyranny, masochism and oppression (the most powerful proponent of these in the Western World having been the Christian Church), this is a truly revolutionary sentiment. As the Bad Brains say, "Where can I find love now? My dear it's here in the underground." You don't have to be a Rasta to appreciate the truth of this. When joy is outlawed, then only outlaws will know joy.



@rty

Greetings from the Editburo:
Welcome to Innis or Welcome Back to Innis, whatever the case may be. A few words about The Herald. This periodical, as we see it, performs a dual function. The first is to provide relevant news and information to the Innis College community. The second is to be a forum and podium for any and all ideas, issues and concerns that may arise on the U. of T. campus and beyond. In case you didn't know, Universities have a responsibility to the rest of society, beyond being a daycare for post-adolescents. It is not enough to play euche. This University does not exist in isolation and events occurring in the "real" world pertain directly to us here on this campus.

The Herald maintains an open submission policy, meaning we will accept anything from anyone (even non-Innises) providing that they avoid the evil -ISMs that plague this society (sexism, racism, and other bad reasons for hating people). Be as didactic as you want, just be prepared to accept the consequences of taking a position. Have an opinion? Write for us.

What we are going to avoid is some faults common in all college "newspapers". The Herald, in its parochial function, will not be a gossip rag/social registrar. We have things to do here. On the other hand, we will not try to be newsworthy and up to date; our monthly publishing schedule precludes that. Our very reasonable goal is to publish a periodical that will remain current for an entire month. Hence, our content will be mainly artstuff and perspective type pieces; we are not trying to publish news as it happens. And yah, we want to have some good, clean, harmless fun. Given all that, we aim to create a progressive, regular and consistently entertaining campus forum. Of course, we still need your articles. Blitz can't write everything.

Be cool, Peace and Love,
The Editburo

The Innis Herald

volume 24, issue one

"The paper whose goal is the subjugation of the entire known universe"

The Gorn Supreme High Command (Editburo)
Admiral @rty, Scourge of the Spaceways
Brigadier Blitz, Crusher of Worms
Captain Cheri, She-Creature from Hell
Comrade Braz, Glorious Leader of the Revolutionary Proletariat
The ElderOne Rick, The Celtic Elf

The Death-Hordes of Demonic Slime Include:
Burkhard Rob Stanley
Steve Gravestock
Alyvia Golden Alan Sharpe
Jim Sheddell Ari Wilson
Simon Jester Maria Montez
Cheri's Beatbox

The Deposed Puppets of the Evil Capitalist
Octopus Moloch;
Jenny Baby Alex the Dude

hey, I bet y'all are just dying to know what's comin' up in the Herald. well, we got some good stuff happening. melissa young'll be telling yo about SAC, that nefarious corrupter of the young, and simon jester'll be ranting about an aesthetic problem in our society, and we'll have lots more cool stuff that we can't tell yo about yet because you haven't submitted it. so why wait? write! love,

- the editburo

LETTERS

Make Money Writing Short Paragraphs

To the Editors,
As an amateur social critic
and dilettante social reformer, I
regret to inform you of the serious
misconception presented in Greg
Sutton's *Domino* presented in *Greg*
the last issue of the *Monte Herald* in
(March 80). Though the *Monte Herald* in
has changed since then, the editorship
is unsure of the paper's position on still
bad articles. My complaints of this
piece are many, so I'll keep this

Pride is
have made
what a "world class" stadium.
2) I admiring the stadium's main attraction, the dome.
3) Sutton's article was unbalanced. He ignored the controversial elements associated with the dome, dismissing them as "ridiculous". Ridiculous isn't it, that the dome is:
a) equipped with inferior
artificial turf.
b) an expenditure based
on a philosophy of bread and
circuses.
c) allowing private
developors to make mega bucks on
the taxpayer's money.
d) equipped with another
garbage producing MacDonald's.
4) Sutton should be shot for
liar, evader & a beautiful addition to
this city.
5) Sutton should be shot for
"Toronto's" claim that the dome
will make a "beautiful addition to
the city's skyline". From the
corner of St. George & Sussex,
one can see the dome & Sussex,
but never head rising next to the shiny,
whitehead. Yeah, etc like CN
line. etc.
Alan Orga

Don't spread it
on my stocking

Oh yeah, three things to mention. First of all, all opinions expressed in the letters, and in articles too for that matter, are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the *Innis Herald*, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. Secondly, we won't print any sexist, racist, agist or homophobic stuff, so if you're the type of asshole who gets off on that then just kill yourself, okay? Thirdly, our mailing address is, *The Gorn Supreme High Command c/o the Innis Herald, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ontario, M5S 1J5*.

Powerlessness of the people

Dear Herald,
No Farm? Cries of
Anguish and Regret Erupt from
his Corner. It seems so Unfair to
Deprive the Firsters of this Annual
Expedition in Human Limits.
Psychic Warfare? Stars Cascading
Over Star Past the Treetops into
your Drink? Chilled Vodka for
steak fat? Loss and Rebirth of
Consciousness? It's All Over Now.
Where is Dionysus Now? The
Grim Legend Costume Party?
Forget it! I Went as Lester Bangs,
but Everyone Thought I was Legs
MacNeil. I Just Got Drunk on
Others Booze.

Florin'.
Non Giud.

Dear Editors,
It has come to my attention that there is to be no article about Boe Jovi or Tiffany in this Herald. I cannot believe that your journal would ignore the two most important contributors to modern culture in this decade. As this epoch draws to a close, amidst decadence and passion, these two thought-provokers lie buried under your silly concern for the environment and liberty.

Moreover it has further come to my attention that the Unis Pub students are involved in a brisk and lucrative bootleg trade in Tiffany tapes. I have seen them personally hiring unsuspecting students, and indeed, the Principal of this institution, with proclivities of last year's C.N.E. show (both, seis). I intend to inform the U. of T. Police of this matter.

1. Police of this matter.
Oh! Tiffany! Why don't you call? I'm a-waiting and a-wondering!

sincerely,
Allan Bloom

(eduburo note: Allan Bloom's article *The Decline of The Canadian Mind and What Can Be Done About It* was recently rejected by this periodical. Since then, he has been very bitter and has a definite urge to grind in the interests of freedom of speech we are printing Alan's letter, but really, no one should take any of his comments, in any context whatsoever, seriously.)

Dear Editor,
Why isn't there a Heavy
Metal Column?
Signed,
John and Warren
Scarborough



Do The Liberal Thing

Steve Gravestock

It's generally accepted that no film should be lauded simply because of its subject. Confusion of subject and achievement prevents fruitful analysis of the work's subject and implicitly confirms any fallacies concerning the subject which may appear in the work. Real issues are obscured or ignored and everyone relaxes thinking something's been addressed though nothing has. This is a peculiarly liberal, left wing trait and normally shows up in conservative periods. This tendency was most regrettably evident in the praise lavished on Stanley Kramer's supposedly socially relevant films in the 50's and 60's. In movies like *The Defiant Ones*, *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, and *Judgement at Nuremberg*, Kramer regurgitated the worst but most comforting clichés about hot issues like racism, anti-Semitism and war crimes, providing solace to his liberal, middle class audience. There was a strong element of political and aesthetic blackmail written into these films. If you rejected them on aesthetic terms - they featured cardboard characters and horrible overacting - or pointed out that it wasn't exactly beneficial to consider these issues in the same old useless terms, you were just splitting hairs or worse you just didn't care.

To a significant extent, audiences and critics have responded in much the same way to Spike Lee's new film *Do the Right Thing* which has been praised - to use the terms newspaper critics love - for taking a tough look at racism. Lee is a much more sophisticated filmmaker than Stanley Kramer. This obviously is one of the reasons why audiences have responded favorably to the film; it's a technical tour de force. However, in this film at least, Lee's thinking isn't any more sophisticated than Kramer's was. *Do the Right Thing* is a confused and in someways an extremely ugly mess. None of the issues the film purports to address have been clearly discussed or dramatized.

The debate about Lee's film is further complicated by another false assumption. As Stanley Crouch noted in the *Village Voice*, white people assume that, because Lee is black, he must know more about racism and its causes. However, this is not necessarily true. Racism is an extremely complicated economic, political and social phenomenon and only a truly adept social critic would be capable of even an adequate discussion of it. Spike Lee is not a very skillful or perceptive social critic. This was evident if you saw the muddled *School Daze*, his last film.

The best way to illustrate this point is by analogy. Who knows more about the Vietnam War: Oliver Stone, who was in combat there, or Norman Mailer, who wasn't there? Obviously Norman Mailer, who was the most trenchant social critic of the 60's. Or to push the point a little more, who's a greater authority on anti-Semitism, Anne Frank or Hannah Arendt?

Set in the predominantly black Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto on the hottest day of the year, the film has a loose rambling structure and a large cast. The central events involve Sal's Famous Pizzeria, a restaurant owned and operated by a middle-aged Italian and his two sons. Sal (Danny Aiello) has been

in the neighbourhood for years and he's respected to some extent. When a high-strung character, Buggin-Out (Giancarlo Esposito), tries to organize a boycott of the restaurant for what he perceives to be an injustice, he's ignored and ridiculed. Racial tensions, however, are evident from the very first time we see the restaurant. Sal's eldest son, Pino (John Turturro), hassles Mookie (Spike Lee), the delivery guy, simply because he's black. Pino constantly complains about having to work in a neighbourhood among the "animals." The heat gets to everyone - people are shrieking at one another from the first scene - and it gets worse as the day progresses. At closing time, Buggin-Out charges in, accompanied by two others, and a fight breaks out. When the cops arrive, a black kid is killed. The enraged mob, initially drawn by the fight, fleats out and trashes the pizzeria.

Unfortunately, Lee never creates any economic or social context for the racial tensions. There's general anger and frustration at whites but there's no evidence of oppression at all. Sal's no oppressor; he lets Mookie get away with murder. (Mookie never acknowledges this; in fact, he feels put upon.) There's no trace of poverty, crime or drugs and Lee has made a lot of hay over questions about their absence.

Essentially, Lee calls people who ask about their absence racists. However, aren't those the factors that make ghetto life so shitty? Aren't these the factors which create the kind of anger and frustration which spark racial incidents? There's no explanation for the anger and frustration the neighbourhood's inhabitants feel except for the heat. This is a moronic and worthless observation. Here is an integral part of racial incidents, like Watts, but to cite this as a sufficient cause means you ignore the social and economic conditions which are far more significant than the weather. Poverty is only mentioned once in the film, but the character who mentions it, Da Mayor (Ossie Davis), is considered irrelevant and a disgrace by the younger black characters who publicly berate him. They don't appear to lack money and never express concern over not having any. There doesn't seem to be any housing crunch. In the city with one of the largest homeless populations in the United States there are no homeless. This is an awfully genteel, awfully middle class ghetto.



Lee falls back on the most useless liberal clichés about racism. The only true racist in the film is Pino (John Turturro), Sal's son, who's irrational, dumb and sadistic. He spends most of his time beating up his younger brother and hassling Mookie. Mookie points out the contradictions in Pino's hatred of black people by quizzing him on who his idols are. They're all black but Pino doesn't really see them as black; according to him, they're something better. Pino won't admit any contradictions in his reasoning. In other words, People are racists because they're

ignorant or evil. This film, despite the claims of the director and its supporters, operates firmly within a mainstream framework. Economics don't matter in determining social attitudes, even though this is one of the reasons the South was able to play poor whites off against blacks. This is also one of the reasons why liberal critics have loved this film. It approaches a huge blunder. This approach prevents him from addressing the real causes of frustration and racial tension or establishing any acceptable dramatic reason for them. In fact, Lee does use stereotypes. What does he think the middle-aged guys lying around and bullshitting, the mythic Uncle Remus Da Mayor (Song of the South) violins play when he appears, the insanely energetic militant Buggin-Out, and the boom box bully Raheem are? Haven't these sorts of images already appeared in Hollywood movies? If he says they are real aren't drugs and crime and most importantly poverty, since it creates the grounds for the others, real. Worse, by not dramatizing economic depression Lee presents an awfully negative image of black people. Only one black guy in the film has a job.

There's a less charitable and probably more accurate view of what causes anger and frustration in the film. Since social and economic conditions don't figure in Lee's view, he appears to suggest that blacks and whites simply can't live together. If the whites were gone and the races were segregated, there wouldn't be any racial tension. Racial violence is imminent even before the death. Buggin-Out almost gets into a fight with a white guy because he scuffed his Air Jordans. If we're supposed to assume the criticisms of institutions etc., we're inputting criticisms and issues that Lee has consciously and intentionally left out. We're back in the 50's when Kramer was praised for simply mentioning a subject rather than actually dealing with it. By taking out economics, Lee reduces things to racial lines. This approach takes us back to the 60's when societal tensions were seen in cultural terms. These are useless terms since the guy with long hair who also digs the same music that you do can turn into Bill Graham (ed. note: *Bill Graham was always an asshole*), or the president of Geffen Enterprises.

Lee claims that he idealized his Bed-Stuy because he didn't want to use Hollywood stereotypes of blacks. One can understand his hatred of these images but both dramatically and politically this attributes racism to ignorance, psychosis or just too miserable to be alive mean spiritedness and allows them to distance themselves from the whole issue of racism. It also avoids discussing economics, especially wealth disparity, something far more central to why blacks have always had an inferior position in American society. First they were used as slaves in the South and then as a cheap labour force in the North. If Lee had discussed economics, the film would have been dismissed as too political or too doctrinaire.

One of the most grating things about this movie is that anyone can walk away with any interpretation they like and they wouldn't be necessarily be wrong even if they got totally different messages from it. Spike Lee lacks the narrative skills to deal with a complex situation. He establishes complexity by contradicting himself or using imagery that's unexplained. Unless the viewer goes into the film already high on

it because of its subject and the polemics Lee has constructed around it, he has to come out totally confused. There are no homeless but Mookie lives with his sister while his girlfriend and their son live with her mother. Is this because they can't afford to live together or because Mookie is irresponsible? Both his sister and Tina complain about him being irresponsible and he's always goofing off at work. He doesn't really seem to care much about Tina or their kid; he stops by once a week, maybe. Is it because Tina apparently screams obscenities at him constantly whenever they're together and he can't bare to live with her? Choose one of the above.



The contradictions and confusions are worse when you think about the riot that concludes with the film. Is the riot an irrational blunder but understandable act or is it something more positive? Lee was reportedly astounded when he heard that the Cannes Jury didn't see Mookie as heroic. (Mookie starts the riot by throwing a trash can through Sal's window.) If Lee considers the action as heroic can it be painless? Apparently, the shot of the rioter's being cleared from the fireman's way is supposed to be an allusion to a non-violent demonstration in the 60's. Is this a comment on how pointless the action is in comparison, on how little things have changed, on how the North is as bad as the South, on how blacks lack conscious political direction and can only act on the spur of the moment - this would plug in with the retarded guy who sells pictures of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King in the street and who can't explain what they mean - or does it suggest that they're heroic as those nonviolent demonstrators? Does Sal deserve what he gets because he calls someone a nigger in an uncharacteristic moment at what presented as an extremely tense point? Is Mookie a traitor because he starts the riot even when he knows Sal's not really responsible for Raheem's death or is he heroic for sacrificing his job to make a statement?

The movie features Malcolm X and Martin Luther King imagery and ends with quotes, one from King advocating non-violence and one from Malcolm advocating violence in self-defense. These quotes have nothing to do with the death of trashing the restaurant. The destruction of the restaurant is an understandable though futile act but it's hardly the kind of violence Malcolm X was talking about. No one touches the cops.

Lee never establishes any authorial presence which would suggest how we're supposed to see the events. He just rams the opposing views in our faces. Consequently, every view seems justified, even Radio Raheem's and Buggin-Out's idiotic complaints. A real artist, like Renoir or Ray, would have let us understand why a character did something wrong but allowed us some perspective on their actions. We wouldn't be expected or forced to accept an idiotic point of view.

If you want to see the wide range of interpretations this film allows just check out any newspaper or the issue of the *Village Voice* devoted to it. In the *Globe*, Rick Green praised it because it encouraged people to do something about racism, like the

characters in the film. Like trashing the nearest restaurant? Roger Ebert called it a "joyous slice of life." A killed is killed, and a guy's restaurant is trashed. Man, that's joyous. In the *Voice*, Thulani Davis applauded the film apparently for having no point of view whatsoever. J. Hoberman had troubles with the ending but fell back on the Kramer defense.

When I've talked to people about this film, I believe we've talked. I encounter several arguments. The first is that I'm asking too much of the film but certainly asking a film to address its subject isn't asking too much of it. The second defense imputes a criticism to the film. Lee asks us to fight the powers that be. What powers? Sal? The third is that the film represents an intervention into the political process - there's a call to go out and vote at the end of the film and that it's intended to be an attack on Ed Koch, the mayor of New York City. However, Lee never attacks Koch on any specific point and the film polarizes things along racial lines in the same way that Koch has. Besides, the dramatic logic of the film makes political action seem irrelevant. It's just blacks versus whites. As a result, the call to vote seems like a sick joke. The fourth is that it's inherently radical to include images of black culture in a mainstream movie. However, these images have no economic or political context and therefore no political meaning. They might be in a more standard Hollywood movie. When a liberal attempts social criticism we end up with travel footage, shots of wild, exotic cultures. The people in the film might as well be Leutonian. Another argument I've heard is that I want a piece of agitprop with emblematic scenes.



However, this movie is full of these kind of scenes anyway. As Terrence Rafferty noted in the *New Yorker*, the whole movie is constructed to prove that "any white person pushed hard enough will betray his contempt for blacks." Sal is a cardboard construct designed to prove this point. Does anyone believe that someone could run a restaurant for 25 years in an area with racial tensions and not know a more efficient way of dealing with trouble than running after people with a baseball bat over a rather routine incident? The last argument I've encountered is that I want a Marxist critique and that the film wouldn't have been made if it was a Marxist analysis. This is the Stanley Kramer argument again: that it's better to address something even if you use the same old categories. Liberal politics don't take us very far in this area. They haven't for 200 years. The liberals can criticize racists as ignorant and we'll still have ghettos.

Lee has attempted something very ambitious and he should be applauded for the attempt. However, the end result is a confused and reactionary mess and it would be a disservice to the artist and his subject to applaud.

The outcome.

Pagan Rites on the Innis Green

Article by Alysa Golden

No, really! I really am going to write on this topic. You'll see...really.

It all started when Mr. Blizopoulos (you know, the one in the fedora) asked me, on pain of having a Gurn throw a styrofoam rock at me, to write an article. This is it.

Now, I am not, let me first explain, trying to convert anyone to Paganism, or Innis, for that matter. I would simply like to show you how the principles of Paganism can be applied to Orientation, Innis, and the American way.

Example #1: Orientation = parties. Orientation can prove hazardous to your health in a number of ways, but partying is the biggest. You go to three, maybe four incredibly loud parties, maybe drinking a little too much to keep up with all those third and fourth year students, and you end up with...yes, you guessed it, a headache. What to do? In Paganism, we believe that the earth is the source of a great amount of energy. Take your head and go lie down on the earth (there is a lovely lawn at Innis). Breathe the healing energy in and the toxin-filled headache out. You will feel better, P.S. - you might also want to try this just before going to bed to lessen your chances of a headache in the morning.

Example #2: Orientation = Stress. There is the stress of signing up and lining up. Day after day you get shoved around by the long arm of an institution to whom, you often feel, you are nothing more than a nine digit number on a piece of plastic. You are right to feel this way. It's true. However, this is what Orientation is for. It can orientate you. But to make your journey

through the belly of the whale a little easier (pardon the Christian reference) you may want to try the old Pagan trick of affirmation. Fill in the blanks and repeat each of the following three times each, three times a day.

*My name is _____
I am a wonderful _____
I am calm, relaxed and content
in all I do today at _____.*

You will feel the tension aroused by being processed like a Kraft single magically disappear.

Example #3: Orientation = People. This is it. Your turn to meet around 85 new friends. These will be your very own best friends throughout University. If you don't make them now, you will be lonely and labelled a squib for your whole U. of T. career. This is, unfortunately, a common misconception. Even if you know it isn't true, I suspect that most of you feel pressured by it to a certain extent. And here, once again, good old common sense Paganism has a helpful hint. Think about your other friends. They like you, right? Whenever you get "squib" anxiety, turn to the East - the direction of beginning - and say: *...hikes me because I am ...funny, warm, gay great...).* Then turn to the West - the direction of connection - and repeat it. Do this three times a day and friends will come flocking to the new, relaxed, confident you. (And if it doesn't work, you can always edit the *Herald*, guess who.)

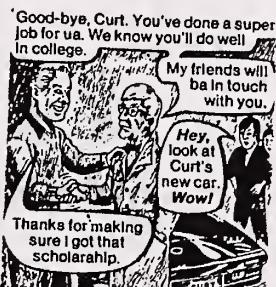
Well, I think I've tied Paganism in with Orientation pretty damn well. Now for Innis and the American Way.

First, Innis. There is a great patio with picnic tables on the second floor that is probably the most uncrowded excellent place to be outside on the entire campus. Go there during Orientation sometime.

Second, the American Way. We at Innis have zero tolerance for anyone who does not have a good time in the cafe, so enjoy the great food and sunny smile of Daddy Elf and all the other elves during Orientation.

Please turn in next *Herald* for more words of wisdom on Paganism and You. Spirals and Stars,

Alysa.



sports?

Innis college offers all of you athletes many different sports. For the men we have teams in football, basketball, hockey, volleyball and soccer. We also have tournaments in tennis, badminton, squash and track and field. Aside from these teams, we also have a very extensive co-ed sports program, including curling, volleyball and inner-tube water polo. These sports can prove to be the easiest way for you to meet new friends, so sign up for your favorite sports during orientation and keep the Innis spirit alive.

From the Edibus: The Indoctrination Committee has kept its exact plans secret as of press time. Must be a reason for this...Whatever it is, they're not telling us. A few guesses: the scavenger hunt is a drink-a-lot-of-alcohol-thing, the Pubs should have very cool music and the Blue Jays will choke. More and better information should be available during Indoctrination week (when you are reading this). A good place to look is on that big blackboard out by the pit. Better yet, ask someone.

Indoctrination Calender

4	LABOUR DAY
5	Registration (tours)
6	10:00 a.m. Shincana
	5:00 p.m. Barbecue
7	7:30 p.m. Scavenger Hunt
8	7:30 p.m. Trip to Centre Island (Frisbee Golf)
9	SAC Carnival Day 2:00 p.m. Parade 3:00 p.m. Carnival Begins
10	INNIS ORIENTATION PARTY
11	CLASSES BEGIN
12	Evening at Yuk Yuk's
13	Mixed Event with Trinity College
14	1st Year Dinner at Hart House
15	Barbecue
16	All Night Film Fest (breakfast included)
17	Blue Jays Game at the Skydome
18	Innis Pub (final orientation blowout).



Academic Directory 1988-89

Instructor Phone #	Innis Courses Taught	Office
ALLEN, Peter 6508		IN 325
ARMATAGE, Kay 8572	INI 429Y	IN 224
4671 (N.C.) 8287	INI 323Y	
BRIDGES, Scott 7434	Commerce Tutor	IN 307
BURRELL, Terry 7458	INI 49SS	IN 206
DUFFY, Dennis 4147		IN 317
ELLIOT, Jean 5950	Later Life	P&C Rel.
GIBSON, Bob 7458	Learning INI 421Y	IN 206
GREENWALD, Roger 4871	INI 203Y(A) Writ	IN 323
HARRIS, Robin 7433	Mag/Writershsp H.I.F. President	IN 301
HAYNE, BARRIE 4146	INI 328Y	IN 234
HEATHCOTE, Isobel 4144 (U.C.) 2530	Co-Ordinator Environmental Studies Program INI 220Y INI 1491Y	IN 207
HOWARD, Patricia 4145		IN 226
KING, David 7023 4871	V-Princ/Prgrms. Dir/Dir. Writ. Lb	IN 123/314
KING, Shelley MACDONALD, Doug 7458		IN 302 IN 206
MCDONELL, Pat 8571	Math Tutor	IN 313
OSTOVICH, Helen 7382		IN 230
PETERSON, Patricia 7463	CO-Ordinator Urban Studies Program INI 1235Y INI 306Y	IN 206
PIERCE, John RIENDEAU, Roger 3424 4871	INI 204Y INI 202Y Can. Journ. Afr. Studies	IN 302 IN 324
ROLPH, Wendy 7271	Co-Ordinator Cinema Studies	IN 231
ROWEIS, Shoukry 4955		JG1360P
SAVAN, Beth 7458	INI 320Y INI 420Y	IN 205 IN 233
SKVORECKY, Josef 8574 (ERIN) 828-8574		IN 324
STREN, Richard 7170, 3424	INI 112Y VIC 320Y VIC 112Y	IN 233
TESTA, Bart 8574		
TOLTON, Cam (VIC) 585-4442		
WHYTE, Rodney IES	INI 496F	
ZRYD, Michael 8574	INI 321Y	IN 233

All phone numbers listed are 978 series, unless otherwise noted. Most #s are in Innis, but a few others made the cut. If it's just four digits, it's Innis.....



You Are Here

Administrative Listings

Name	Room	Phone	Position
AMNESTY International	210	7434	
ARNOLD, Adele	118	2511	Administrative Assistant to the Registrar
BERLOVE, Noah		6187	Vladimir HouseManager
BROWNE, John	125	2510	Principal;Glorious Leader
CLARK, Flora	119	2511	Academic Counsellor
DAVEY, Phyllis DeSOUZA, Martha	Library 131	4497 5809	Cinema Studies Secretary
GONZALES, Sara	131	7203	Secretary to the Principal and Vice- Principal/Academic Secretary
HANKS, Arthur (aka @ry)	305	4748	Innis Herald Editburo Contact
INNIS PUB (aka CAFE)		4808	
KING, David	123	7203	Vice-Principal and Academic Coordinator
MALONEY, Beatrice	117	2511	Secretary to the Registrar
McDONELL, Pat	313	8571	Math Counsellor
MORRIS, David	322	7790	Innis Film Society Presidnt
PERRY, Audrey	124	4332	Administrative Officer
POULOS, Linda	120	2511	Registrar
POWLEY, Jean	Library	4497	
SCHON, Barbara	Library	4497	
SHEDDEN, Jim	322	7790	Secretary to Administrative Officer/ Harold Innis Foundation Executive Secretary/Can. Jnl. Afr. Studies/Master of Portfolios
SPENCER, Garry	121	2512	Manager Of Residence and Physical Services
ZANGARI, Gloria	122	2512	Secretary to Manager of Residence and Physical Services

John Speaks

an address from our
glorious leader
Welcome and welcome back!
To the new students: You have
come to Innis during exciting
times - the college begins its
second quarter century by
planning for a new residence.
Don't hesitate to ask for help
from anyone in the college - we're
all here to help you if we can.
To the returning students: Be
careful or someone will steal your
balloons.

Essays giving you a headache?

Take two aspirin and
call us in the morning.

978-4871 Innis Writing Lab

NEWS

Jim Sheldon

Less than a year into its campaign, Innis has surpassed its fundraising goal. Last November, Innis endeavoured to increase the size of its scholarship capital fund from the \$25,000 raised during the 20/20 campaign five years ago, to \$100,000 by this November. That figure will almost certainly grow to \$150,000 by the deadline.

Admittedly, this is not a huge amount of money when compared with the University's 100 million dollar campaign, but it is enough (for example) to generate interest for a minimum of ten \$1000 scholarships for Innis students every year.

Once the Silver Anniversary campaign is over, Innis will likely begin a campaign for the new residence. This fund will probably be for so-called "extras"

that the University's capital campaign is unlikely to fund (communal television sets, microwave ovens, pool tables, etc.). Innis has a history of this kind of Fundraising: when we moved to our present location at 2 Sussex Avenue, the University was so strapped for cash that they built us a kitchen (i.e. the pub) without any equipment -not even a sink! Hence, the Kitchen Sink fund was established (mostly with funds raised from parents of Innis students and alumni). The fund still exists today, with money generated mainly from rental of College facilities (like Town Hall), and pays for an annual entrance scholarship and many of the improvements around the College.

Presently, that mainly means small items like picnic tables, but as the capital sum grows larger projects are more likely to be undertaken.

Most of the fundraising and social activities have already taken place. These have included the Kick-off Auction, the Masquerade Ball, Spring Brunch, *Comic Book Confidential* screening (with director and Innis alumnus, Ron Mann present), the Rostoker Memorial Lecture, and the raffle which was drawn last June at Innis's annual barbecue. The most significant single fundraising event was the Silver Plate Dinner held at the Faculty Club, with guest speaker David Crombie. This event, organized by the Innis alumnus Mark Weisdorff, raised over \$25,000 for the College.

The official closing of the Silver Anniversary will be a Monte Carlo Night to be held in the pub on November 4th. Watch this space for more details.



WEIRD P? TRIPS

Alan Sharpe

(Editor's note: Alan Sharpe, our Globe and Mail correspondent, ran away to the circus this summer where he sharpened his observational skills. This article is composed of excerpts from his diary.)

Week One: Ontario

May 2 Sincere: Circus is full of interesting people. Greco Jr. is third-generation clown who spends entire day stoned on grass. Chats to kids, balances broom on nose, and does "needle-thru-hallown trick" every show without knowing where he is.

May 3 Alliston: Ari is master of ceremonies who also does juggling and unicycle act. Thinks Canada is run by "an ambassador," screws fifteen-year olds in his truck without qualms, and describes himself as "a lovable asshole."

May 4 Parry Sound: Mike, the elephant trainer, says "Forget the actual show, the purpose of the circus is to separate people from their money as quickly as possible."

May 5 Pembroke: Most prop hands are drunks, drifters, ex-cons, and guys who can't hold down a job. Performers haven't asked for my story, so must treat me like a dickhead. Days are long. Seems yesterday was typical:

-Climbed out of Budget rental truck at 5:30 after night sleeping with props. Breakfast: three cups coffee and three nuffins at Tim Horton's. Drove remaining one hundred kilometres to Parry Sound. Found hockey arena. Set up circus by 12:30. Lunch at Burger King. Had hour nap. Doors at 15:30, show at 16:30. Finished at 18:30. Doors at 19:00, show at 20:00. Finished at 22:00. Tore down equipment. Drank two

beers in car park. Left arena at 23:30. Drove 150 kilometres. In bed at 02:55. Up at 06:00 to drive remaining 170 kilometres to next town to do same again.

May 6 Smiths Falls: Tour is fifty-four cities in fifty-six days. Distance covered will be 6,386 kilometres. No days off. Irene, the chimp trainer, says most prop hands are incredibly stupid. I don't doubt it.

Week Two: New Brunswick

May 9 Petit Rocher: Circus has traditional acts but is small. Twenty performers manage, between themselves, to do the following: A dog act, chimpanzee act, elephant act, lion act, foot juggling, aerial ballet, teeterboard, acrobatic act, clown gags, trampoline act, unicycle act and juggling act.

May 10 Campbellton: All the acts live in Florida, mostly in Sarasota, "the circus capital of North America." Most work nine to ten months a year and spend winter at home.

May 11 Edmundston: Leigh Morris gets up at seven o'clock

every morning to clean out the elephant trailer. He lays water hoses and electricity cables to his trailer. He does two shows a day in his family's elephant act. On good days he earns \$30-\$40 selling popcorn. He travels about 30,000 miles a year. Leigh is 8 years old.

May 12 Sussex: Ricky Aguilar is 12 years old and can map read his way across the United States. He is fluent in two languages, and will have a job for life if he remains an acrobat. But Ricky has never been in a baseball team or gone to summer camp, and wishes he could. He also thinks his future is predetermined. "What else can I do for a job?" he asks, "I sure don't want to work at McDonalds."

May 13 Fredericton: Gordon, a one-time catcher for the Ringling Bros. trapeze act, reckons circus kids get a better upbringing than "town kids" because they are in a healthier environment. "They're not exposed to the same types of pressure as town kids are," he says. "Drugs, peer pressure, you don't find these in the circus, certainly not to the same degree I don't doubt it."

May 14 Oromocto: Bill Morris says kids need firm discipline: "They need a good belt when they are bad." "I don't beat my kids, I don't hit them about the face," he says, "but I use a belt on their backsides if they need it. And they often need it."

May 15 Newcastle: Greco Jr., when asked by Time magazine what the difference was between the circus and theatre, replied: "The living conditions."

May 16 Caraquet: André, the lion tamer, charges US\$6,000 a week for his act. Bill Morris charges US\$5,000 for his elephant act, and makes about \$1,500 a week on elephant rides. Clowns get about US\$500 a week, and

prop hands earn US\$300 (in Canada). In the US prop hands get paid for less, usually US\$100 a week.

Week Four: Nova Scotia

May 23 Windsor: Greco Jr., on the nature of a circus kid's academic education: "Sure some kids miss out on subjects like biology. But these kids know which end the elephant shits from."

May 24 Digby: Al Stencil, circus owner, says European circus kids often speak five languages since they grow up with kids from all over Europe. Many are "worldly wise" to an extent that town kids are not.

May 25 Yarmouth: Peter, the candy floss man, grew up in circus in Austria. Attended at least 400 schools all over Europe. Many stands were for three days. "First day I stood up and told class about circus. Second day the class went to the circus. Third day we all had to write a composition about circus. I didn't learn a thing at school."

May 26 Shelburne: Ari says lots of advantages to growing up in circus: Grow up fast, learn to look after yourself, and learn a trade from early age. "When I was eight and wanted time off to myself, Dad would say 'Sure, but you go everywhere on your unicycle.' I had to climb stairs on the fucking thing."

May 27 Dartmouth: Vickie Howie, foot juggler and aerial ballet artist was part of family acrobatic act at age two. "Dad held his arm out straight with me standing on his hand. It was a great finale."

May 28 Dartmouth: Ari was part of family act at eight, had his own routine at twelve making \$200 a week, and at sixteen had his own home. He completed grade five through correspondence school

"and picked up whatever else I needed to as I went along."

May 29 Summerside, PEI: Ricky Aguilar, twelve, on how he manages to do his school work on a tour like this: "I get up early."

Just before his act, Greco Jr. fell the fifteen feet from his stilts, landed on concrete ramp, and broke his right leg.

Week Eight: Newfoundland

June 20 Baie Verte: Bill Morris, on the circus animal training process: "I don't care what anyone says, you can't be an animal trainer and get your animals to work for you unless they have the fear of God in them."

June 21 Deer Lake: Cindy Morris says worst thing about traveling circus is lack of privacy. "Kids, adults, are always hanging around our trailer, gawking and asking questions. We had our Thanksgiving dinner last year in a K Mart car park."

June 22 St. Anthony: Mike Hackenburger, elephant trainer, on why he does not train chimpanzees: "I have no wish to work with strong, psychopathic criminals."

June 24 Corner Brook: Mike and I were discussing how Mexican circus acts undercut North American acts by working for much less money. I said: "It seems that in Mexico the option is to join the circus or get into drugs." Mike replied: "It's the same thing. They're both escapes from reality."

June 25 Stephenville, Last Day: I asked Greco Jr. if circus people had an expression for performers who left the business and became "townies." "Yea," he laughed, "we call 'em smart."

Mellissa on SAC

Interview by blitz

Blitz: I'm talking to Melissa Young, External Affairs Commissioner at SAC. She's also an Innis student. III.

Blitz: Why don't you start out by telling us briefly what the External Affairs Commission is?

Melissa: The External Commission is, in my opinion, the most exciting commission at SAC. There are three commissions on the Executive and we're elected by the Board of Directors. External Commission is the liaison between the University and the different levels of government: municipal, federal and provincial, as well as the community. It's the lobbying voice to the provincial government on issues like underfunding. We're trying to get students considered worthy of subsidised housing and things like that, plus community events, getting the University involved in the community as well as bringing the community into the university. The other two commissions, just so you know, are Services and University Affairs. Services deals with the SAC pub, bands...

Blitz: Losing money, in other words.

Melissa: No, spending money—spending money to make money.

Blitz: To lose on the pub.

Melissa: No, actually: the pub has been in the red (black?) since the middle of last year. We make a lot of money on the pub now. People are going there. The pub isn't a pretty place, but beer is cheap.

Blitz: Not as cheap as Innis' beer, but nonetheless...

Melissa: Services also does the Datebook and the kind of stuff. University affairs deals with internal stuff: the clubs, the administration, ACCESS, access for physically challenged individuals, sexual harassment, things like that.

Blitz: So how did you rise from little Melissa Young in first year to the powerful ruler of external affairs that you are now, who sits in her own office and surveys the activities of thousands of undergrads? Enquiring readers want to know.

Melissa: When I was in first year at Innis, I wasn't involved. It was strange: there was the Innis council, the ICSS—and that was visible, and then there was the SAC thing that kept getting criticized in the papers and everything and I thought, "What is SAC? Who is SAC?" Then Chris Thiesenhausen asked me to nominate him for one of the vacant chairs in the by-election and I thought, "Oh, this is interesting." By the end of my first year I wanted to run for SAC, I wanted to be involved with SAC and bring it to Innis. So I ran. I made posters and got a lot of heat and talked to a lot of people and found out why people hate SAC. And the more things I heard the more excited I was to be involved. I wanted to prove everybody wrong.

Blitz: Maybe you have a desire to be hated.

Melissa: Yeah, something like that. I wanted to prove everybody wrong, that SAC isn't really shitty—sorry, can I say that?

Blitz: You sure can—this is the Herald.



Melissa: All right, freedom of speech. Last year was a very interesting year as SAC representative. It was a very bad year at SAC. The executives fought, they hated each other, so...

Blitz: And the Vice-President came out of favour of censorship.

Melissa: There was a lot of internal fighting; there wasn't any leadership from the executive. I was really discouraged and wasn't going to run again. Chris T. was running for President, as well as Tom Brown, who I'd been a deputy under, and Charles Blatberg and the Socialist Action slate, and none of them seemed to be someone I could work with as SAC President. They didn't have the same vision of SAC that I did—that SAC is the umbrella, SAC is the unifier of the whole university. But Chris yelled at me and said it would be good to have someone with two years experience for continuity...

Blitz: Also you're the cutest SAC rep.

Melissa: Anyway... (laughter) So I ran and I'm glad that I did.

When I ran, I really wanted to do something that would be effective in portraying my vision of SAC. I wanted to deal with the problem of apathy and people who hated SAC, stuff like that. So I ran for External Commissioner and I won. I have a very strong commission, my deputies are tremendous. Two are from Scarborough, one is from St. Mike's, and one is from Victoria College—two guys and two girls. We're creating interesting policy on things like fees, China, the environment, et cetera.

Blitz: On behalf of thirty thousand undergrads, I will never say, "Yes, we're in favour of abortion," because there are students here who are violently opposed to it... although I am very pro choice.

Melissa: I can't expect everybody to be involved, but to be involved in SAC, and my commission especially, is really interesting. At times it gets to be extremely political.

Melissa: My budget hasn't been passed yet, but I'm looking for \$60,000 a year.

Blitz: How would you allocate that?

Melissa: \$36,000 goes for projects: there's ten projects that are going to be happening. A lot of that money goes on posters and publicity and speakers. \$12,000 is going towards scholarships, two of which will be \$1,000 entrance scholarships for people going into first year. The other two will be something new: they'll be third world scholarships. They're set up for any undergrads who would like to design a program during the summer to work in a developing nation, whether it be an educational program or something to do with the environment or farming or whatever. There are two \$5,000 awards, and if it gets going we'll try for government help or corporate sponsorship. My budget also includes \$3,000 for research.

Blitz: You're also going to be doing a column for the Herald, hopefully.

Melissa: Yes, so if anyone has any questions about SAC, I have a box at Innis or you can reach me at SAC. I invite you all to come and visit me—no, Blitz, you can't move in. What I want to do is unify all the colleges. SAC is an umbrella.

As we attempt to go to print, it appears that all you slavering readers will just have to wait until next issue to read Melissa's column. If you have any questions about SAC or Melissa or anything, just drop them in the Herald submissions box or give them to blitz or @mry or whatever and hopefully Melissa will get them and maybe even answer them, okay?

RANDOM THOUGHTS



Have a Bev.

article by Rick, the celtic Elf
The new student year is upon us and we are no closer to getting undergraduate Innis students into Innis Pub nights. Last year a series of arguments were raised that made sense but did little to budge the intractable alcohol police at Simcoe Hall. The one response we received was from go-between Mr. Jim Delaney who castigated one of our columnists for failing to realize that someone could get hurt or even killed at a pub event. The reference to injury or death was supposed to remind us how careless we are being in not realizing that Simcoe Hall has chosen the safest path for us by banishing underagers from events where alcohol is present.

However, Simcoe Hall is being just as illogical Ontario society. A twenty year old student could drink one or two beers and injure himself at a dance as easily as a seventeen year old. In fact, it would be easier, because he would be *legally entitled* to a beer. An eighteen year old (who, by the way, is deemed old enough to vote, get married, smoke addictive, cancer causing cigarettes, and die for her country) would have to somehow circumvent several tight security checks to get his or her hands on a cold frosty.

The failure of Simcoe Hall to consider each college as a separate case is an annoyance. Innis apparently must suffer because of abuse by other colleges and universities. The fact that Innis pub nights are small events (sometimes small enough to be considered non-existent) rather than gonzo beerfests carries no weight among decision makers. There was a perfectly sane bracelet policy that was strictly enforced at Innis. It allowed unbraceleted underagers to come dance the night away but did not allow them to drink. We are told that the bracelet system is too risky to be continued. One might as well suggest that having the party itself is too risky. Perhaps we should ban alcohol on campus. That way we could really protect our liquor licence.

I suppose what bothers me the most is Simcoe Hall's sudden concern for our physical well being. Mr. Delaney warned that someone could become injured or die (in large capital letters). Until recently the University of Toronto had invested sizable amounts of money directly or indirectly in a country that has tortured and murdered thousands of people. The University of Toronto has accepted, and no doubt will continue to accept, funds for military research. I do not believe that such research is carried out without the goal being to come up with something that will injure or kill someone.

The University will pardon me for finding its sudden concern for the physical well being of human beings to be the height of hypocrisy.

Us folks down here are used to this bureaucratic malarky, but we prefer honesty. The truth is that the University simply does not want a lawsuit. However, since a lawsuit could result from an injured party of any age, shouldn't Simcoe Hall reconsider the bracelet system? If not, it should do us the favour of not hiding behind a patently phony motive of concern for our well being. The real motive of Simcoe Hall regarding alcohol policy on campus is entirely selfish. It is also misguided. We can all live with the truth.

Jim's Bitch

Jim Sheldon

Two favorite pastimes of Innisites (myself included): complaining about, how bad the Innis Pub is; and eating in the Innis Pub. Most of us are sick to death of the same old menu, week after week, the microwaved lasagna (with the frozen centre), the scant portions of see-through meats and cheese served on stale buns (often with that authentic "thawed out" flavour). We can't stand to sit at sticky, wobbly tables, in chairs unable to support anyone weighing more than a hundred pounds. We hate it alright, but because of a combination of naive optimism, laziness, nostalgia, convenience, ignorance and masochism, we keep comin' back for more.

The Innis Pub is the one common denominator of all members of the Innis community. Students, academic staff, administrative staff, "friends" of the College, and even some alumni all frequent the place on occasion, to buy food, to sit down, have a drink, have a smoke, or just chat.

The Pub is also one of Innis's distinguishing features. Often when I tell acquaintances outside of the university that I work at Innis, they ask if "Fuzz" -- or the "guy who raises reptiles" -- is still running the pub (he's not, but that's only been the case for a year and a half now). Just as often they ask whether we still have the huge variety of imported beers (we don't), cheap beer (we do, relatively speaking), jugs of draft (nope), pickled eggs (no, again), and the best (or "only palatable") food on campus (in my opinion, no once again).

The character of the pub radically changed four years ago when Innis abandoned the meal plan for Vladimir House students (now they have the option of buying into New College's meal plan). The food quality had taken a dive in those last

few years of the meal plan, but there was always something edible, always lots of variety, at least, more variety than we do now. We even had ice cream! The pub served three meals a day, five days a week. AS I said, the quality kept declining; nonetheless, since it was a student eatery, the food was dirt cheap.

In the fall of 1985 the Stub Lane Pub became the Innis Cafe (though the name, the "Innis Pub" still sticks). The large, sturdy, British pub-style tables and captain's chairs were replaced with the rather fay, delicate "cafe" tables and chairs we now possess (ironically, after about two years' use the new decor needed an overhaul -- two more years and the pub looks skinnier than ever). I am told, by those who know better than I, that the new arrangement was necessary to accommodate more people (even though we were cutting off the meal plan, thus eliminating an important "core" of pub patrons). The pub walls were painted; the dart board was removed; cork boards inside the pub and on the north doors leading into the pub were removed.

Other more important "improvements" were effected. Fuzz, for example, was told to tie his hair back and wear the official uniform. And the food changed. At first, we were treated to rather expensive salads and sandwiches on "Pioneer" bread. The same pub that used to serve "Noodle Surprise" and "Hungarian Noodle Bake" had now begun serving "artichoke salads". The 70 cent bowl of soup (now reinstated) became the \$1.50 bowl of soup.

The "feminization" of the Innis Pub (as one unnameable source -- an instructor at Innis -- put it) was largely unsuccessful. The following year, 1986-87, saw its further deterioration. Still not willing to admit to itself that it was the Innis Pub, and not a campus version of Bonsante & Carleval, the Pub nonetheless started to introduce such gourmet classic dishes as microwaved hotdogs, Jamaican Meat Patties, Beef-a-roni, and so on. Plastic dishes replaced real dishes; the dishwasher was more-or-less laid off (and I was hired -- mainly to throw out garbage for a couple of hours a day). Fuzz still played CBC-FM during the day, for that genteel feel, but it was clear that the pub of days-gone-by was not returning.

So what's wrong? I have been prompted to start this bitch-column about the pub by three recent incidents: the offensive stench of grease that has permeated the halls of Innis this summer (not as bad as last summer, when deep-fry-'em Mike was in charge, but still pretty offensive); the news that environmental correctness at U of T means switching from plastic plates to paper plates -- I am told by those with decision-making power that it is economically unfeasible for the Pub to use real dishes (even though almost all private enterprises in the University area, who must pay rent and turn a profit, after all, unlike the University's food services, find a way to use real dishes and cutlery); and a recent conversation with "Fuzz", my ex-boss in the Pub and one knowledgeable about University procedure, who argued that the pub couldn't be much better run than it is now, that more variety was almost impossible, that the food and services provided now were about as good as we could expect. If a serving of microwaved lasagna (rarely properly done, usually with a cold, if not semi-frozen centre), a piece of lettuce and tomato, and a piece of stale pre-buttered bread wrapped in a paper napkin, all served up on a sometimes melted plastic plate (**every** day!), is the best we can expect from our College pub, why do we bother patronizing the place? I know places, on and off campus,

that will serve a greater variety of food, with real dishes, and cooked properly, for roughly the same price; why do I, and dozens of other people, continue to patronize the pub? Let's stop tolerating the pub's use of plastic plates, knives & forks (even when they switch to paper it is obvious to me that they are still committing a major offense against our environment and against our sense of taste -- our disdain of the pub's plastic dishes is as much an aesthetic protest as it is an environmentally-aware protest). Let's say "no thank you" to microwaved entrees, stale reads, inadequate portions (say, the various meats and cheeses on our sandwiches), dirty, wobbly tables and chairs, and the pub's total lack of variety. Let's not take "we can't toast a bagel" for an answer anymore.

Because of the "importance" of the pub for Innis, both inside and outside the College, the last four years of its development have been distressing to witness. In the spirit of constructive criticism, I am beginning this column to examine the pub in terms of its food quality, quantity and price, its physical surroundings, service, and general atmosphere. In future *Heralds*, I will be comparing it to the other food and beverage services on campus and in the surrounding area. Comments, disputes, and whole columns from others will, naturally, be appreciated. At the very least, this column will act as a service to let people know the alternatives to the pub; perhaps if we're lucky, we might even effect positive change.

The Celtic Elf Comments:

While I have no real quarrel with Jim's diatribe, and while he may wholly disagree, I and the other cafeteria scumworkers feel that he neglected one major improvement at Innis Pub - the music. CBC-FM may have been "gentled", but it was also dreadful.

Improvement #1: You can now hear the music. As a patron in the past, more often than not, I could only hear the damn thing when Bob Willis' + the Playboys (a Fuzz favorite) were getting down.

Improvement #2: The music itself. VARIETY! Despite a preponderance of the Grateful Dead early on, we finally struck a balance. Now you can hear anything from The Replacements to Wagner, The Shangri-La's to Black Sabbath, Billy Bragg to B.B. King. (If the Dead are always playing when you come in, really it's just a coincidence!). We also play most requests, sove people like Wayne Newland or Kick Astley. (Fother and son?)...

Mellissa on SEX

more fun with blitz and met

Blitz: Well, we're back after an interesting but thankfully off-the-record discussion about Mellissa's sexual ambitions.

Mellissa: Sexual ambitions? Blitz: Well, desires, goals. How would you put it?

Mellissa: Yes, I do hope to lose my virginity by the end of this year.

Blitz: Well, good luck. It's a valid ambition. I'm hoping to lose mine as well.

Mellissa: You mean you hope to find it again.

Blitz: No, I've had enough time to do that.

Mellissa: Sex at U. of T.? There's not enough of it. I think one of the reasons people are so tense here is because they don't have enough sex.

Blitz: Why do you think people aren't getting laid?

Mellissa: No time. Everyone's studying so much, everyone's so hung up on relationships....Even in residence there wasn't enough (sex).

Blitz: And the Innis Herald aims to change that. (laughter)

Mellissa: Don't tell that to frosh. Their parents are going to read this.

Blitz: But I'm not trying to please their parents, I'm trying to create an interesting paper for the U. of T. community. It's a fact that people get laid.

Mellissa: I'm not saying that everyone should go out and have sex. You just shouldn't be inhibited in exploring how you feel. Seize the moment.

Blitz: Seize your partner too. Mellissa: Even just making out with someone is fun, and there's nothing wrong with a good petting session- you don't always have to sleep with someone.

(After this illuminating exchange, we tried some word association. Here's the answers she gave.)

SAC- "Hack."
U. of T.- "Guys."
Ramones- "Sex."
The Gom- "Freaks."
Innis Cafe- "Euchre."
Grateful Dead- "Head."

Actually, fucking is what I thought of. Seriously. I lust for Jerry Garcia. I'll put cheeseburgers on my chest so he can eat them off."

Shake Appeal- "Darkness."
God- "Sex. I don't know why."

Nazi Skinheads- "Assholes. Fuckheads."
Rob Stanley- "Nice guy. Cute!"

Telephones- "Sex."
Money- "Nothing comes to mind."



RANDOM THOUGHTS

Activist Education Among the Hidebound

By Braz

The University of Toronto houses the facilities and resources necessary to an individual in pursuit of some level of intellectual enlightenment. A fairly diverse scope of subject matter is covered in both available courses and literature. An estimable body of professors guarantees the availability of an extensive amount of information. And, of course, an immense and disparate collection of students promises challenging peer stimulus. Why then is this university so stilted and hidebound?

The current of the socio-political thought of the 1980's has weighed heavily on this university. The Mulroney-Reagan decade has influenced everything from the curriculum to the attitudes of the professors down to the ideology of the students.

The curriculum is centred around highly conservative content: white, male, Right-wing, and pro-Corporation. Eurocentric courses dominate all areas of study. A quick look through the calendar shows that all departments- History, Political Science, Drama, Economics, Fine Art History, etc.- are deeply biased in content and approach to the white western world. Of course, some progressive steps have been taken and must be acknowledged: courses addressing African, Asian, Marxist, Labour, and Women's issues and approaches to study are sporadically present. The presence of these elements is very progressive but they are still relegated to positions of secondary importance. Their influence should be present in the consciousness of both educators and students instead of being viewed as "special interest courses".

The professors at this university suit the curriculum. Beneath the facade of an unbiased, academic approach to topics of study, they are perpetuating the saturating biases present in the educational system. All areas of study are tainted by the often unsympathetic views of the professors. This is seen especially in courses which address national/social or ideological issues. You would have a difficult time finding an African historian teaching European history or a Marxist economist teaching Capitalist economics but in both cases the reverse is commonplace. Thus, even the "progressive" courses offer little more than the status quo with a twist.

The students at the U. of T., as stated above, are a varied group such that any overview would be cursory and simplified, but certain patterns are notable. It is certainly the students that have been profoundly influenced by contemporary socio-political culture. Any progressive idealism which could have miraculously survived the 1970's was beaten nearly senseless through the Mulroney-Reagan years and will continue to be so affected into the next decade. It is impossible to read the collective student mind, but it is simple to read its actions, or more accurately, inactions. Sadly, most students are not interested in the most relevant issues: racism, sexism, militarism, and environmental issues. Or if they are interested they are not acting on their interests. A minority of the student population is working, and working very hard, to address and affect these issues. Their efforts are truly admirable and of greater relative importance than anything else that goes on at this university. Unfortunately, the axiom is true: "There is strength in numbers", is true. The groups working for change must first work for numbers; and recruiting from the apathetic is no elementary exercise.

Student activism is viewed with disdain among specific groups on campus. These are, without fail, the groups which rely on the entrenched, systematic biases being attacked for their privileged position. Others see it as unfashionable or outdated. This infantile attitude has created the most pathetic part of the student strata as its proponents end up doing absolutely nothing under claims of centrism, relativism or, sadly, the most common, disinterest. Inaction is not nonalignment; the status quo owns the fence.

In your classrooms this year, you are going to be exposed to a large amount of information. But if you wish to really learn the facts about relevant issues then you must rely on yourself. Before you lose yourself among the tangle of sedentary, pseudo-philosophers which dominate the student body, one should get involved with active student groups. If you face the issues first-hand and work for social or political change, you will earn a much fuller, more relevant education than you will receive simply sitting within hearing range of your professors. The most complete education is an activist education.

Jester Speaks

Written by Simon Jester

Sometimes, I like to talk about girls. Other times, it's politics. But right now I'd like to talk about something a touch more risqué, namely weed. This past summer I've been thinking about weed a lot, and the more I think the more confused I get. I understand the drug side of things well enough: you roll it, you smoke it, and you listen to the Grateful Dead. No problems there, except that sometimes I get in the mood for Husker Du instead. But that's a minor thing. What I don't understand is the logic - or flagrant lack of logic - behind the laws concerning it. I start wondering what it is about weed that makes the lawmakers so opposed to it, and why they only discovered this evil side to it in the 1930s, around 160 years after George Washington got into it, not to mention several millennia after shaman started using it as a religious sacrament. I also wonder why they're quite happy to let people smoke themselves to death with cigarettes, or drink themselves to death with alcohol or stress themselves to death with caffeine or eat themselves to death with sugar and yet get morally outraged at the very suggestion that marijuana might not be the root of all evil. Do I detect just the slightest note of hypocrisy, or - dare I say it? - fuckheadedness in the rantings of our lords and protectors?

There are two issues involved here, one moral and one practical. Morally, no government has the right to prevent one from doing anything, unless one's actions can be clearly shown to be endangering the community. A government's basic purpose is to enable its citizens to go about their lives without fear of unjust hindrance from others. A government is supposed to provide protection for its citizens from idiots with a "might makes right" mindset. As long as it does this, it is within its rights. It does not have the right to regulate what its citizens may say or, more to the point, put into their bodies. If I want to smoke a joint, the government has no right to stop me. I am not endangering anyone besides myself (and I wouldn't even be endangering myself if it weren't for the threat of Toronto's "finest", or should I merely say "best armed", crashing the party) and therefore the government and all its servants have no right to interfere. Of course, government agents rarely see it that way: they know - infallibly! - what is right and what is wrong (where were you when God gave 52 Division the ten new commandments?) and by God they're going to enforce them, no matter how many bones they have to break and lives they have to ruin to do so. I admire their dedication, but not their pigheaded ignorance. The sad thing is that despite the fact that their treatment of dope smokers is flagrantly immoral and unjustifiable, by large we sit back and let them get away with it. We think no further than, "At least they didn't bust me," and allow them to continue on their powertrips.

The practical side of the issue is multifaceted. First off is the simple fact that, whether or not dope indeed should be outlawed, the prohibition just isn't working. Weed is incredibly easy to find and fairly cheap. This turns the laws against it into jokes. Grim jokes, considering that every now and then a sacrifice is offered up in the name of "good government", that sacrifice being someone's future, but jokes nonetheless. The obvious solution would be to either enforce the laws better or to make marijuana legal. With typical lack of intelligence, the current trend is in favour of the former.



We ain't got none



I LIKE IT NOT!

Ex-acid heads, housewives and businessmen are reacting against the emotional sterility of an electronic world

HOW TO
PUBLISH
'DIRTY'
BOOKS
FOR FUN
AND
PROFIT

A rich man's penance

ENVIRONMENT



Chet Burda

Not just a load of manure

Puke Green

It really pisses me off when people jump on the environmental bandwagon for stupid egocentric reasons. Everywhere I go these days-- parties, bars, campgrounds, and (God forbid) shopping malls, people are babbling about the ozone layer and the blue box, not really knowing what they are talking about but doing their best to sound hip on this hot topic. It's good. People are becoming aware. However, I fear for the environment becoming too trendy, for, as we all know friends are volatile and fleeting, and today's talk can evaporate from the lips of the masses as quickly as it was introduced.

Soon people are going to grow so tired of environmentally related events, songs, concerts, T-shirts, benefits, magazines, canvassers, etc., etc. Who speaks of Ethiopia anymore? If the environment is not dealt with seriously and carefully and is left vulnerable to media overkill, the public ear may become deaf to any message, anything with the word "environment" in it, and this immunity will not be able to discriminate between what is imperative and real and what is just an advertising gimmick.

Case in point: Green products. Already we have Loblaw's Dave Nichol and his hideous little dog coming at us straight from every media source, imploring us to think GREEN, buy GREEN, but most of all to spend our GREEN on his pseudo-environment-friendly GREEN products. The green ends up in his green hands, and I have no choice but to give him the big green finger on this one. Yes folks, the environment has reached its height of fame as the newest marketing strategy of this season.

Allow me first to concede slightly by granting Mr. Nichol and his supermarket enterprise with some words of praise. It is true, as he says, that something CAN be done, and he clearly IS doing something which appears to be a step in the right direction. Environmental publicity can't be all bad. If commercial advertising can brainwash people into buying just about anything however useless it may be, perhaps the continuous onslaught of Dave and his pooh and his green doctrine may inspire some of today's "indifferent" sheep to become interested and active in something important. It is better than doing nothing at all.

What concerns me is the credibility of the products so loosely labeled "green" for the shelves of participating stores and in the June issue of the "Insider's Report". What is even more disconcerting is the fact that Pollution Probe, a reputable environmental group, has endorsed a number of these products for the sake of corporate sponsorship, while turning its back on strict environmental integrity.

Is buying babies bad?



Each child goes through at least 7000 of these things before they hit the potty. There exists on the market today a number of wonderful cloth diapers. Not the square cloth slabs which we were brought up in, but comfy, form-fitting sized diapers which have velcro fastenings instead of safety pins. There is no need for disposable diapers, especially since we are all aware of and should be concerned about the impending landfill crisis. Why an environmental group should endorse disposable diapers, just because it is not chlorine treated, is beyond me. It need not be endorsed at all. Cloth diapers should be endorsed instead, and perhaps Pollution Probe and Loblaw's could get together and market one.

These are just a few of my complaints. As I have mentioned, some of these green products deserve merit, while others I frown upon because they enrage the public into becoming environmentally lazy. I could go on and on-- blah blah blah; but I rest and leave it up to you, the reader and the environmentally conscious, to examine the "Insiders Report" yourself. Do not take this as a complete rejection of all green products. Please understand it to be merely a critique of the entire campaign in general.

For example, one page boasts the environmentally good, while the next page sticks with the over-packaged, the non-biodegradable, or the non-recyclable. There is a page devoted to household cleaners containing Birex, a chemical which is bad tasting and discourages children from drinking it. That's great; but it is still a toxic cleaner wearing a new green label. The public will become confused and believe it safe for the environment. It's like wanting to save the rainforests while chowing down on a Big Mac. Well, I do it too. We all practice extreme contradictions, but only some corporations manage to profit from them. Green is good, but green is also "in". So beware consumers and always, before purchasing, ask yourself the following questions: "What happens if I dump this stuff down the sewer?"; "Will this stuff scratch my bathtub enamel?"; "Can I feed it to my goldfish?"; and, above all "If ingested, will I catch a buzz?"

Another Box Office Smash

Chet Burda

So Exxon wants its money back! For those of you too infuriated to read any news article with the headline "oil-spill" or "Exxon", here's the latest. Exxon is planning to file for a tax refund in deductions for the cost of the oil-spill clean-up. Poor Exxon is suffering from plummeting stocks, and since the jack in oil prices failed to satisfy its corporate hunger, it must prey on its victim, the taxpayer, ripping throats for 400 million in tax refunds.

Ever watch those horror movies where the antagonist, some insidious blood-dripping slime-spewing beast, keeps getting shot and stabbed and butchered and mutilated by the pursued victim who gropes frantically about a machine shop or gothic warehouse for any horrific instrument of defence (usually a great hook or electric saw of some sort)? Over and over the villain lunges at the victim, receives further blows and stabs to the head, neck and heart and falls down in agony; the victim at this point drops to his/her knees and sobs to dramatic music instead of finishing the bastard off and fleeing from the scene. So we know what happens next: the beats jumps up snarling, tearing the shit out of us, and the action resumes. The damn thing never dies; it reappears, sequel after relentless sequel.

I thought the Exxon horror was over, not that the damage could ever be reversed or the infinite repercussions denied. However, I believed that Exxon, in shame and in penance, would nicely crawl into a big hole and die, never to roar again. But hey hey it's back kids. VALDEZ 2. More frightening than the first, this time the monster, after savagely raping a large body of water, killing and

threacening the lives of millions, teams up with Mister Corporation, an evil shit who pillages the world, spits in our faces and hands over his dirty squanderings to the monster Valdez. Valdez, who foams at the mouth throughout most of the movie, uses his newly-found earnings to destroy the earth and rule the world in the name of honour, greed and money. The special effects are god, and a cameo appearance by Ronnie Reagan as Skip the gas station attendant and all-around popular guy keeps the plot believable.

"... A refreshing change from today's altruistic sleepers"
- The World Bank

"... Environmental Degradation at its finest"
- Brian Mulroney

"... A smart investment"
- Exxon



On the frozen picket lines, victory still recedes

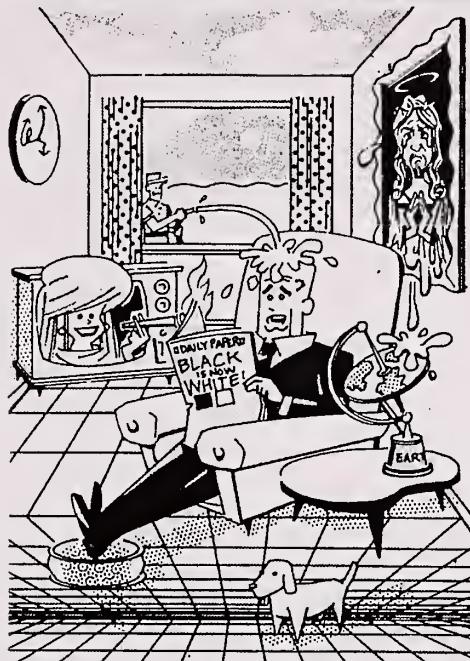


Are American families losing the spirit of adventure?

"I KNOW, SOMETIMES I WONDER JUST WHAT THE HELL I'M DOING ON THIS WORLD!"



BACK PAGE



Mary Lives?

Arthur Wilson

When we last left Mary, she had just found out the truth about Grant Inwood; that he's no more than a common thief. This was in the middle of February. We were due to dock in Miami the next day. In a surprising turn of events, we docked in Miami on the next actual day. And as we did, we bid bon voyage to Grant Inwood and the remnants of the plot. What could possibly happen now?

"I'd better call Carlos", Mary thinks. "I bet he's got a new plot for us". While she does, Ian and Toby proceed through customs. Ian remarks that Toby's declaration looks more like the national debt. I wonder if Ian declared all the hors d'oeuvres he packed away.

Carlos tells Mary that he's found her a new tenant, and that this tenant is 'mucho macho'.

On the flight back to Santa Royale, Toby pumps Mary for info. on Grant Inwood. But Mary's not tellin'. Suffice it to say that Grant will be a very old man before his 'business problems are settled'. Anyway, Mary's got her mind on Mr. Macho.

We're back home again. Kevin and Jenny Troon came to meet us; how sweet. But the real reason Jenny came is to check out the new resident hunk. It seems he's a pro golfer.

His name is Doug Cory (even the name is hunky). And he's "more handsome than almost any man on the face of the earth". Kev's jealous.

Later that evening Doug and Mary have meeting. Turns out Doug's a golf pro. He's the new top dog at the country club. That means "if the greens are bad on the golf course or in a dinner salad ... he's the guy the members yell at." Everybody calls him Doug. He's 29! He went to college on a golf scholarship! He attended "Pro School" (sort of a golf-gigolo combination)! He spent 5 years apprenticesing! He works 18 hour days, and even if he met a pretty girl, he wouldn't have time (or the jam) to date her. Maybe Doug's in show business.

So anyway, one of the senior members (Susan Byrne) calls Doug for extra lessons. He can call her 'Sue' when they aren't at the club. I wonder what kind of services she wants?

The next morning ol' Doug's a bit cranky. We meet a new character: Danny the assistant p.m. Danny's great. Turns out Doug has to teach Sue's daughter to play golf. Danny says this Laura chick is sexy as all get out. He says "any guy in Santa Royale would give his right arm to teach her the grip." Danny's job as ass't pro seems to be to hang around the pro shop and deliver sexually suggestive one-liners.

Apparently Laurie's got a problem: she's painfully shy. doubtless Danny had a snappy response to this but it isn't recounted to us. At this point we haven't gotten a full frontal of Laurie yet so we don't know how much of a looker she is.

As Doug heads off to give the lesson, Danny suggests he start with "a tour of the woods behind the tenth green" (heh, heh, heh).

At last, full frontal of the elusive Laurie. She's pouty, tullish, with reasonable gains and hogans, and a slightly flouncy, slumping look that suggests that she never sits in a chair but rather drapes herself over it. By the way she goes by Laura or Laurie, whatever turns you on.

As the golf lesson progresses, we just know there'll be a romance here, and because this is *Mary Worth* we know it'll have problems. Sure enough, in swaggers trouble with a capital 'B'. Booze; and a Banking, Betting, Drapin', Boozin' character named Tom Canton.

It seems Tom and his merry band are in the lounge, and they call Doug over to settle a golf bet. He does, and Tom insists he have a drink. But not just any drink; a 'Canton Cannonball'. Doug says he doesn't drink, but to be polite he takes the drink, and then another! Pretty soon he's gut stars popping all around his head.

Well, Doug swaggers on home and calls Laurie for pizza at the ungodly hour of 10pm. Laurie dismisses him quite sharply, but blatantly leaves the door open for him to ask again. This chick doesn't seem shy to me.

Free Beer and Pizza

For All Those Who Attend The Annual Innis College Phone-A-Thon On the Evenings of October 26th and/or October 30th. If You're Interested, Contact Jim Shedd in Room 322 (978-7790).

Live Dead Fridays

Ρετυρινή της φαλλ., το της Ιννισ Πύρ, 7:00 Π.Μ. ή 11:00 Π.Μ. Αγε οφ Μαφοριτψ ρεθυτρεδ το δρινκ. Μορε Ταπεσ, Μορε Τυνεσ. Δο τηε αλτερνατιτει! Στ. Διλβερτ ωυλδ δο τηε σαμε τηνιγ.

The next morning, Danny fills Doug in on Tom Canton. Ya see, Tom's the club lush, and if Doug's not careful the members will tar him with the same brush. Fortunately this is the only time that Danny talks in rhyme. Doug tells Danny that he can take or leave liquor. Oh,oh!

Next thing we know Doug's trying this hair of the dog thing he's heard about. And just as he's about to order his second jug, in walks Laurie. She apologizes for being so sharp with him last night. They set up a pizza date for tonight.

Then disaster strikes. In the top right corner of the next frame are the fatal words "Meanwhile on the first tee." Yep, it's Tom Canton looking for a fourth. So Doug has to play with them, and he wins of course, and Tom insists on buying him a drink. He tries to decline but then agrees to just one.

While drinking his cannonball, Tom tells him it's a double (if you're only having one, make it a big one). Doug gets upset and leaves. But probably not before finishing his drink.

On the way out of the lounge he literally runs into Sue Byrne. She smells his breath, and is not impressed. Sue is in an aside to another member says she fears she's made a gross error in judgment.

So Doug goes off to his pizza date (somewhat late), and tells Laurie about the incident. Laurie says Ma hates boozers. All the while Doug's swillin' back the ales. Doug and Laurie get into a fight and she makes him drive her home. He's failed the first date acid test, but again, she leaves the door open. However next time, he'd best show up on time and sober. By the way Laurie eats pizza with a knife and fork. I hate that.

Now we move into one of those complex time-synch split-strip sequences that Saunders and Ziegler made famous.

First, at the Byrne household, Laurie discusses the evening with mother Sue. I think there's more here than meets the eye. Both mother and daughter have strong almost puritanical feelings against alcohol. Father Byrne is conspicuous by his absence. I bet he's dead, or a dead-beat or he's in the pen for killing some kid on a bicycle.

Innis Film Society First Meeting of 1989-90

to be held Thursday, October 5, 5:00 p.m. Room 223, Innis College (prior to the screening)

Free pizza, etc...

For more information, phone 978-7790, or drop by room 322 of Innis College.

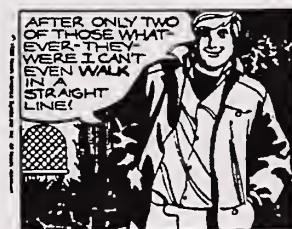


The Lazy L Cafe
could be coming soon.

John Seed
EARTH FIRST!
RAINFOREST
ROAD SHOW.

presented by Council of
All Beings.

August 21st, 7:30 PM
Med Sci Auditorium
1 King College Circle
Donations
Appreciated



TIME FOR THAT
CHECK-UP!



In the other sequence, Doug remarks: "I'm damned if I'll waste a rare evening out because some blue-nosed little brat decided she wasn't hungry!" So he heads into a tavern. 36 hours ago this guy had never touched a drop, now he's a lush.

In the tavern Doug orders a beer, but the kind that comes in a glass not a bottle. But here's wise old Tom Canton who tells him, "you mean a draft". Well Tom will have none of that. Bring the young boy a cannonball, and note that my glass had a hole in it. Notice how every bartender in Santa Royale seems to know what a Canton Cannonball is.

Well the two men get to drinking and talking about golf and Sue Byrne. Tom hates her.

Wait a minute, could Tom be the missing husband and father of Sue and Laurie? Nah, that'd be too corny even for this strip.

So the two guys leave, both reeeally loaded, and of course they hop in their cars to drive home....

Here, on June 12 the trail goes dry. Our Ottawa Citizen source is temporarily unavailable, so you'll have to wait to next month to see how it ends, or to see that in *Mary* it never does.

Mary fans will be pleased to know that a new record was set these past months. In the last 4 months on actual time, *Mary* has made it through almost 3 days.

Editors Note: As good as these *Mary Worth* updates are, they cannot compare to the actual strip. We urge all of you to write to the *Globe and Mail*, demanding that *Mary* be resurrected immediately.

hey! yeah, we're talking to you! We're bored of getting articles from the same people all the time. Why don't you write something? Whaddaya mean, you got no time? Whaddaya mean, you got no ideas? Look, contributing is fun! And easy! Just write something halfway decent and send it to us. Or better yet, offer to help out. Talk to us. We're nice people. Really we are.

- THE EDITORS

G'bye - we love you all.

Bilby
END

